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SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS,

FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

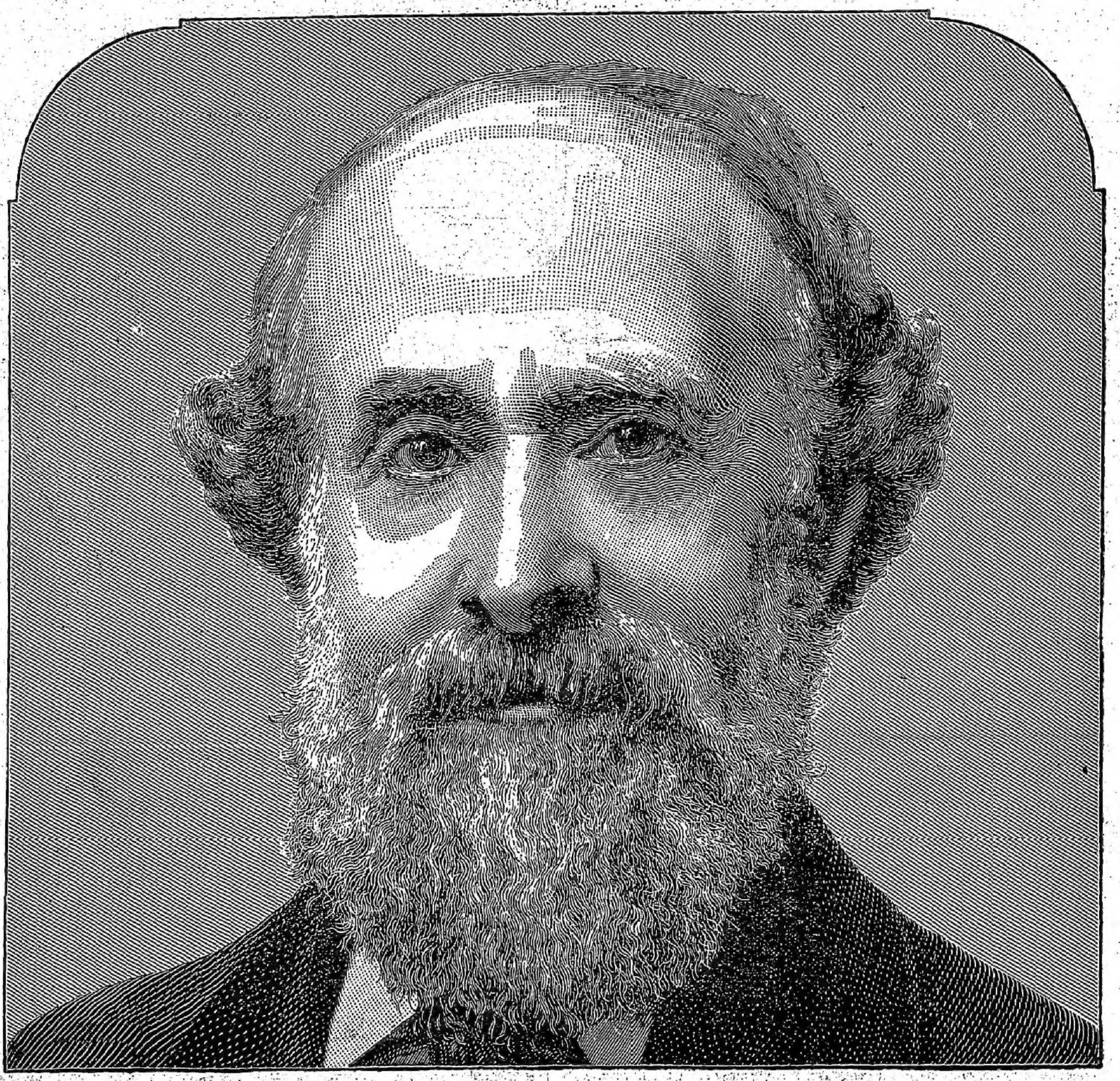
Amongst the Queen's birthday honors, none was more deservedly bestowed than the honor of knighthood which was conferred on the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. George Williams.

The freedom of the City of London was also bestowed upon him at a meeting of the Court of Common Council of London, on May 17. The presentation was made at a reception given to the Y.M.C.A. delegates by the Lord Mayor and Corporation at the Guildhall on Monday last, June 4.

Sir George Williams was born at a farm-house at Dulverton, Somerset, in October 1821. Educational advantages at the time were few and meagre, but he made good use of his opportunities; and best of all, while yet a mere youth, he was led to consecrate himself to the service of the Lord. He says that he knows not how this desire for spiritual things came to him, remarking, 'Somebody, I think, must have taken sufficient interest in me to pray for me.' At about this time he entered as an apprentice a small drapery establishment in Bridgwater, and soon made his influence felt, not only in the house but in the town, and through his instrumentality a considerable number of young men and women professed to receive the blessing of salvation.

In 1841 he entered the firm of Hitchcock and Rogers, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and proved such a remarkably able and intelligent business man that he soon became the manager of one of the largest departments in the house. Previous to this, his interest in the spiritual welfare of his fellow-assistants had led him to form a meeting for prayer and definite Bible study, which ultimately led to the formation of the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Williams' progress in the firm of Hitchcock and Co. was rapid, and his position was strengthened by his marriage with



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Mr. George Hitchcock's daughter, a lady who has ever evinced a warm interest in the welfare of the Association to whose interest her husband has devoted himself, and who has associated with him in presiding on many social occasions, while by her generous gifts, and in countless other ways, she has shown that in all things she is in unity with her husband. Upon the death of Mr. George Hitchcock in September, 1863, Mr. Williams succeeded him in the business, which has since been carried on under the name of Hitchcock & Williams. Religion, it will readily be believed, was the mainspring of the establishment. Although Mr. Williams has always had many calls upon his time by secretaries of philanthropic societies, he has invariably followed Mr. Hitchcock's rule of seeing all applicants for situations, and of treating them as Mr. Hitchcock treated them. In the daily routine of business, young men came to Mr. Hitchcock to seek employment. He saw them all himself, and the business inquiry, 'What department?' was followed by the incisive question, 'Do you know Christ?' This question was generally followed by prayer as well as by instruction, and frequently accompanied by the gift of a suitable book. It may be added that Mr. Hitchcock's wife and his elder children were brought to religious decision by his personal entreaties.

In 1851 Mr. Williams went to Paris, to encourage Mr. Cook and his friends to form the 'Union Chretienne,' and he has also visited Germany and Holland, still with the one object before him of forming Young Men's Christian Associations, as so many harbors of refuge to the commercial young men of the great cities, surrounded as they are by temptations and dangers to which so many hundreds, if not thousands, annually fall the victims. In 1881, upon the purchase of Exeter Hall for the use of the Association, Mr. Williams gave £5,000 towards the £25,000 necessary for its purchase; the other £20,000 being made up by donations of £5,000 each from Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, Mr. J. D. Allcroft, Mr. Samuel Morley, and the firm of Messrs. E. M. and T. A. Denny.

From the earliest time to the present, the Y.M.C.A. has had no more indefatigable worker than Sir George Williams. Elected a member of the first committee, he has for fifty years retained his seat on the Board of Direction. On the death of Mr. George Hitchcock, for many years the Treasurer of the Association, he was elected his successor; and when the great Earl of Shaftesbury was removed by death, by the unanimous voice of the Association, he was elected President. For many years he conducted a Bible class on Sunday afternoons, which was much blessed to the conversion of souls. His services as chairman or speaker at the public gatherings of the Association are much sought after.

What the Association owes to his liberality none can tell. From the time when, as a young assistant receiving £150 per annum he was accustomed to contribute £50 yearly to the funds of the Association, to the present time, he has been a most generous giver. Few are the Associations which have not received help in this direction. All well wishers of the Y.M.C.A. will hope and pray that Sir George Williams may long be spared to continue his works of faith and labors of love.—*London Christian Herald.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

BY MARY P. SAWYER.

Before discussing Sunday-school libraries, attention may be called to the importance of carefully selecting children's books. The more thoughtful a child is the more will he be affected by what he reads. A child believes, feels, accepts, but does not analyze or compare. While he may be permanently benefited by good reading he is not capable of selecting it. A book read in childhood makes a lasting impression, and that is one reason why it should be well chosen. During the plastic years, the character is formed by everything with which it comes in contact. An evil sentence, which produces no impression on the mature mind, leaves an ineffaceable imprint on the child.

Children's books have undergone a complete change in the last half century. They no longer describe the preternaturally good masters and misses who died young. There is danger of rushing to the opposite extreme in the endeavor to be true to life. Too often the story-book of to-day is filled by smart, slangy children, who correct their parents and start out on a career. From 'Bill Smythe, Jr., the Boy Detective,' to 'Frank Fearless, a Captain at Sixteen,' the most popular juvenile books are devoted to youthful prodigies. As the taste of the boys of the present day is being formed by the trashy dime novel, it may at least be mentioned in a paper of this nature. If some of these dime novels were discovered by an enterprising historian two hundred years from now, and their pages could be deciphered, an opinion might be rendered something like this: 'The inhabitants of the United States during the nineteenth century seem to have become incompetent at an early age. The children and young people took charge of all affairs of trust and importance, while their parents were scarcely capable of taking care of themselves.'

This tendency may be noticed in higher classes of literature. In how many popular books are the children the centres of attraction and interest. In one, a small maiden is successful in reconstructing the family morals. In another, a young girl alters the manners of an entire village. In books of this style the failures are left out, and the enthusiastic child who attempts something of the same nature is doomed to disappointment.

The book from the Sunday-school library is, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. The most careful parent is delighted to see his child poring over one. But after reading hundreds of them for purposes of criticism, the writer feels the necessity of being just as careful in selecting religious as secular literature. Too many Sunday-school library books are either sensational or sentimental, and garnished with a few stock phrases to give them a religious flavor.

Now, to be practical, what can be done with an ordinary library, and with no available funds for the purchase of new books? A good librarian, one who knows something about the inside of each book, and who is willing to give suggestions to the children, is a great help. It is difficult, even impossible, to judge of a book by its title. The little people are so often disappointed, and after a time despair of finding a book that they want.

If a competent librarian cannot be secured, one who can only do the routine work may be supplemented by a library committee. This committee should select new books, raise funds for their purchase, and prepare the necessary catalogues. To aid in the intelligent drawing of books, there should be a classified list prepared, with the number of pages, if illustrated, etc., describing each book. This would answer many questions and save the time of the librarian. A good system of drawing books should be selected, and the rules enforced. A person who wilfully and repeatedly abuses a book should not be allowed library privileges.

If volumes have been accumulating for some time, a careful weeding out may be in order.

In order to understand what it may be, let us visit an imaginary library of the future in a progressive city church. We see a comfortable room, with long tables down the centre, containing the latest issues of the best religious papers and magazines. One side of it is lined by low shelves filled with books. There are cyclopedias of religious knowledge, commentaries, missionary sketches, travels in the Holy Land, aids for the Sunday-school teacher, the temperance worker, and the charitably disposed.

'We are building up a valuable library,' explained the courteous assistant. 'Instead of the pastor being obliged to carry a quantity of heavy books around with him, we try to supply his needs. His study opens from the library, and he often sits here. The persons who are getting up papers on any particular subject often find facts and statistics, or special illustrations. Some of our best religious writers are now turning their attention toward children's books. They have been preparing a series of natural history primers that are very popular, and lead from the wonders of the world to their Creator.'

'What are these cases of specimens?' we ask, turning away from the library.

'They have been given by missionaries and those who have travelled in Palestine. They are loaned to the leaders of missionary meetings and make them very interesting. The models of the tabernacle and the temple, the maps, diagrams and blackboards are used to illustrate the Sunday-school lesson, or a lecture-room talk. The principal of the primary department has quite a kindergarten outfit, and keeps it here when it is not in use. The room is open every evening, when there is no service in the building, and many of the homeless young people spend a few hours reading quietly. The editors of our church paper have a desk in that corner, and the church clerk keeps his records in the case on the opposite side. The portraits on the wall are of those persons whose eminence entitles them to a place in our memories.—*Standard*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26, 1894.

FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.—John 2:1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.'—John 2:11.

THE LESSON STORY.

The third day after the first disciples were called there was a wedding in Cana, a little city among the hills of Galilee. Jesus and his disciples were there, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, also.

In those days a wedding feast lasted a whole week. There was food to eat and wine to drink and a great deal of mirth and happiness.

But a strange thing happened. The wine gave out one day before the end of the feast! It was thought a great disgrace to have such a thing happen, and no one knew what to do.

But Mary knew that her wonderful Son could do great works. She told him about it and then she said to the servants, 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.'

There were six stone waterpots in the house, and Jesus told the servants to fill them all with water. Then he told them to draw some and carry to the master of the feast.

When the master had tasted it he called the bridegroom and said he had kept the best wine until the last of the feast.

Jesus had turned all the water into wine, to show that he was indeed the Son of God.—*Berean Lesson Book.*

HOME READINGS.

M. John 2:1-11.—First Miracle of Jesus.
T. Gen. 1:26-31.—The First Marriage.
W. Rev. 19:1-14.—The Marriage of the Lamb.
Th. Isa. 25:1-12.—A Feast of Fat Things.
F. Isa. 55:1-13.—Without Money and Without Price.
S. 1 Cor. 10:21-33.—Do All to the Glory of God.
S. Matt. 6:21-34.—The Life More than Meat.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Miracle Needed. vs. 1-4.
II. The Miracle Wrought. vs. 5-8.
III. The Miracle Proved. vs. 9-11.

TIME.—A. D. 27, February or March, three days after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Judea.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, four miles north-east from Nazareth, where the village of Kefr-Kenna now stands.

OPENING WORDS.

This lesson records the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise made to Nathanael. John 1:50, 51. Cana of Galilee was the native place of Nathanael. John 21:2. It was about four miles north-east from Nazareth, where the modern village of Kefr-Kenna now stands.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *The third day*—after the calling of Philip and Nathanael. 2. *His disciples*—those mentioned in ch. 1, viz.: Andrew, Simon Peter, Philip, Nathanael, John himself, and probably James. 3. *When they wanted wine*—Revised Version, 'When the wine failed.' 4. *What have I to do with thee?*—a gentle reproof, and an intimation that she was not to direct him in regard to divine work. 6. *Six waterpots*—large earthen jars. *Two or three firkins*—probably the Jewish *bath* is the measure intended—about eight gallons, or at least one hundred gallons in all. 8. *The governor*—the person who presided at the feast. Without knowing whence it came he pronounced it the best wine. 11. *This beginning of miracles*—'this beginning of his signs.' It was the first of all his miracles, not merely the first at Cana. *Manifested forth his glory*—revealed his divine power. *Believed on him*—they had already believed, but now their faith was confirmed and strengthened.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who were these first disciples? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MIRACLE NEEDED. vs. 1-4.—What took place the third day after the call of Nathanael? Where was Cana? Who was there? Who were among the invited guests? What did his mother say to Jesus? What was his reply?

II. THE MIRACLE WROUGHT. vs. 5-8.—What did his mother say to the servants? What vessels were there? How much did these vessels hold? What directions did Jesus give the servants? What did the servants do? What did Jesus then say to them?

III. THE MIRACLE PROVED. vs. 9-11.—Into what had the water been changed? What did the governor of the feast say? What is a *miracle?* How was this miracle proved? How did it manifest forth Christ's glory? How did it affect his disciples?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus, by his presence, sanctifies the joys and duties of daily life.
2. We should seek to have him with us in our social meetings.
3. We should go to Jesus with all our needs, temporal as well as spiritual.
4. His miracles were manifestations of his divine glory.
5. Believe on him as the Christ of God, your only Saviour.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What took place the third day after the calling of Nathanael? Ans. There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee.
2. Who were at the marriage? Ans. Jesus and his mother and his disciples.
3. What miracle did Jesus perform? Ans. He turned water into wine.
4. What did this miracle manifest? Ans. His glory as the Son of God, the promised Messiah.
5. What was its effect on his disciples? Ans. They believed on him.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2, 1894.

JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

John 2:13-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.'—John 2:16.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was nearly time now for the feast of the passover. Jesus went up to Jerusalem to keep it, for our Lord was careful to keep all the law of God.

When he went into the temple he found men there selling oxen and sheep and doves that were to be used for sacrifice. The money changers were there too, and Jesus was grieved to see God's holy house turned into a business place.

Jesus made a whip of small cords and drove these men all out of the temple, and their sheep and oxen too. He threw over the money tables, and told those who sold doves to take all these things away, because it was not right to make his Father's house a place for buying and selling.

The Jews asked him what miracle he would do to show that he had a right to command them. Jesus told them to destroy the temple, and he would raise it up in three days.

This made the Jews angry. They did not know that he meant the temple of his body, but his disciples remembered it after the resurrection.

While Jesus was in Jerusalem he did miracles, and many believed on him.—*Berean Lesson Book.*

HOME READINGS.

M. John 2:12-25.—Jesus Cleansing the Temple.
T. Mark 11:15-19.—The Second Cleansing.
W. 1 Kings 8:22-44.—The Prayer of Dedication.
Th. Isa. 56:1-12.—'A House of Prayer for all People.'
F. Jer. 7:1-16.—'A Den of Robbers.'
S. Psalm 26:1-12.—Love for God's House.
S. 1 Cor. 3:11-23.—'Ye are the Temple of God.'

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jesus and the Temple. vs. 13-17.
II. Jesus and his Resurrection. vs. 18-22.
III. Jesus and Men. vs. 23-25.

TIME.—A.D. 27, Passover, April 11-17, five or six weeks after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—The Temple in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

After the miracle at Cana Jesus spent a few days at Capernaum. Then he went to Jerusalem to attend the passover. This cleansing of the temple is plainly a different one from that mentioned in the other evangelists. Matt. 21:12-16; Mark 11:15-19; Luke 19:45-48. This occurred at the beginning, that at the end of his ministry.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

14. *In the temple*—in the court of the Gentiles. *Sold oxen and sheep and doves*—for sacrifices, to those who came from a distance. *Changers of money*—to change foreign money into Jewish, payments to the temple being made necessarily in Jewish coin. 16. *My Father's house*—a distinct claim to Messiahship. *An house of merchandise*—two years later, when he cleansed the temple the second time, the temple had become a 'den of thieves.' Matt. 21:13, 17. *It was written*—Psalm 69:9. *Hath eaten me up*—Revised Version, 'Shall eat me up.' His zeal for the honor of his Father's house will devour his very life. 18. *What sign showest thou*—what miracle dost thou work in proof of thine authority to do these things? 19. *Destroy this temple*—meaning his body. His body was Jehovah's temple, and he here spoke of his death and resurrection which he so fully foreknew. His death and resurrection were to be a sign to them, just as elsewhere he terms his resurrection 'the sign of the prophet Jonas.' Matt. 12:39, 40. 20. *Forty and six years*—since Herod the Great had begun repairing, or rather rebuilding, the temple. To this temple they wrongly applied the words of Jesus. 24. *Did not commit himself*—did not trust himself to them.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go from Cana? How long did he remain there? Where did he then go? For what purpose? Title? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JESUS AND THE TEMPLE. vs. 13-17.—When did Jesus go to Jerusalem? What did Jesus find in the temple? How came these persons and animals there? What did Jesus do to them? What did he say? Of what did this remind the disciples? Where was this written? What does it mean as applied to Christ?

II. JESUS AND HIS RESURRECTION. vs. 18-22.—What did the Jews say to Jesus? What did they wish to have? Why did they require of him a sign? What did he reply? Of what temple did he speak? Why did he call his body a temple? How was this given to them as a sign? When was it so given? How was this saying afterward perverted? What event reminded his disciples of it? What effect had it then upon them?

III. JESUS AND MEN. vs. 23-25.—What effect did the miracles of Jesus have at the passover? What is here said of him? v. 24. Why did he not trust himself to them? Why did he not need that any should testify of man? What does this prove?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should reverence the house of God.
2. Our hearts are God's temples, where the Holy Spirit desires to dwell.
3. We profane God's temple when we have anything in our hearts that grieves the Holy Spirit.
4. Jesus knows the hearts of all men—the plans of his enemies and the wants of his friends.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MY MENDING-BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow;
It is deep and capacious and wide;
Yet the Gulf Stream that flows through its borders
Seems always to stand at flood-tide!

And the garments be heaped on each other:
I look at them often and sigh,
Shall I ever be able to grapple
With a pile that has grown two feet high?

There's a top layer, always, of stockings;
These arrive and depart every day;
And the things that are playing 'button-button'
Also leave without any delay.

But ah, underneath there are strata
Buried deep as the earth's eocene!
Things put there the first of the autumn,
Still there when the trees have grown green

There are things to be ripped and made over;
There are things that gave out in their prime;
There are intricate tasks—all awaiting
One magical hour of 'spare time.'

Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?
I start with fresh hope very day.
Like a will-o'-the-wisp it eludes me;
Like a will-o'-the-wisp, fades away.

For the basket has never been empty,
During all of its burdened career,
But once, for a few fleeting moments,
When the baby upset it, last year!

—*Bessie Chandler, in Harper's Bazar.*

LOOKING FOR PERFECTION.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

'Well, I find I have married a man, not an angel!'

The speaker was a dear young friend but recently a bride. As we offered congratulations, not as a mere form, but heartily, knowing the man of her choice to be every way worthy of her, a shadow crept over the sweet girlish face, she sighed, and then half laughing, half crying, she made the foregoing remark.

Seeing that she was on the verge of making the fatal mistake of many a wife, and allowing a third person to share the particulars of perchance their first quarrel, we hastened to rescue her, by jokingly saying

'You remind me of the girl who drew the line at an "Irishman," "a catholic," and a "shoemaker.'

'Well, what of her?'

'Why, as a natural sequence she married an Irish-catholic-shoemaker. Your ideal was an "angel," but you find yourself wedded to "a man." Allow me to congratulate you over again.'

'What do you mean?' said the young wife, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry at our seeming lack of sympathy. Being a privileged friend we knew the girl-wife would pardon our bluntness now, and thank us later on, so we continued:

'It strikes me that an "angel," or in other words a faultless man, would be a very uncomfortable person for you or me to live with, we are so far from faultless ourselves. Now, my dear, candidly, has not Harry as much reason to think his "angel" only a woman, and be disappointed thereat, as you have been at finding your idol fallen?'

The sweet young bride here opened her eyes very wide, saying,

'Why, I never thought of it in that light before. I should feel dreadfully if I thought he was disappointed in me; but I think he is the one at fault, he—'

We interrupted her by saying,

'You began wrong. May I tell you a better way?'

Very humbly she said,

'O yes. I am so unhappy; we quarrelled and Harry—'

'Hush, dear. My first advice is never go to others, not even your dearest friends, with these little misunderstandings. If they are buried in your heart, they will soon be forgiven, if not forgotten by you, but when shared by others they will be a source of humiliation and further annoyance, nine cases out of ten. The greatest mistake made by those venturing on the sea of matrimony is, I think, in looking for perfection; hence the disappointment that is sure to follow. Most young wives think as you did, that their wedded life will be all *couleur de rose*, and do not guard themselves against the little differences that are sure to arise sooner or later. The better way is to expect (not look for) faults in the one to whom you have given yourself for weal or woe, then you will be preparing to meet them, and not feel that you have been cheated in your bargain.'

Here our attentive listener grasped our hand so warmly that we felt assured that we were not wide of the mark, and continued 'I care not how long the engagement lasts, before marriage faults are to a certain extent masked. As in your case, dear, you looked upon Harry as faultless, but now your "angel" has vanished, and a faulty man stands revealed, and—and his little wife half recoils from him in consequence. Now, dear, you must not expect Harry to overlook and forgive your faults unless you meet his in the same spirit. Instead of feeling that you have been deceived, if faults appear, bear with him and help him to overcome them, and my word for it, your life will grow brighter and brighter, and you will ere long congratulate yourself that you married a man, not an angel.'

The young wife here looked hopeful and smiling, and as we left her we clinched our words by quoting those truthful lines by Cowper:—

'The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.'

—*Christian Work.*

CAN OUR BOYS BE BAD BOYS?

It is a most ungracious task to speak to one of our friendly neighbors even about a troublesome dog which worries us in the night. The animal always seems kind enough to him, and has a healthy bark.

Even in his own interest it is not easy sometimes to hint to a man a failing or an exposure. You dislike to comment on his cough. It is all your courage is worth to say to your most affectionate cousin that you fear bad habits are growing on him.

So we say 'none of my business,' and pass by on the other side. It is the most ungracious errand a sensitive public teacher was ever sent upon, to tell a fond father and a virtuous mother that their own children are in any dangerous moral position. For it assumes that those whom they love are no better than the rest. And it intimates that you are more careful for their families than they are themselves. Parents instinctively repel the insinuation that their offspring are not properly and sedulously cared for; shielded from immoral and hurtful influences.

Any one may test this point to his own satisfaction. Clip from any newspaper the story of a runaway boy, started on his fatal career by a flashy story. You will have ever so many chances to read it aloud in a Christian family. And the expressions of indignation and pity will be all you could demand. But now suggest the thought as delicately as you will, you will only get the answer 'O that does not concern me! My children never meet such literature, never read such books, never see one of these papers.'

Unfortunately, however, the testimony of such men as have carefully examined the matter is unanimous on the point. It is for our pride and comfort that we know there are so many safe and happy Christian homes. But hundreds of parents can be found who are cultivated people, who send their sons and daughters to expensive schools, who dress well and move in the best social circles, and yet who absolutely do not know what books or papers their own children are reading. And to these we must add hundreds more who are indifferent upon the subject.

Is it possible that our own dear boys can be bad boys? We once heard an opulent Christian bewailing the difficulty he had in his villa-home in retaining any ripe fruit for his own use. The lads from the village took the quickest chances of the season, and took the fruit too. And while he talked on the piazza of that summer hotel, right there within thirty rods, twenty or twenty-five boys and girls of just such nice people were on the trellis by the picket-fence, pulling off an absent farmer's grapes at will; and among these were his own.

Is it not true in your own observation that parents are less likely than others to know of their children's faults? Have you not seen some disgraceful acts committed by your neighbor's young people, about which the whole town talk?—The father would stop it fiercely and suddenly, if it came to his knowledge. But generous friends say 'O do not talk about it, for it would break the mother's heart!'—*Exchange.*

CLOSED CABINETS FOR BRIC-A-BRAC.

'When I built my house, I made special provision for closed cabinets, with glass doors, in which to keep my ornaments and bric-a-brac,' said a well-to-do woman who was full of practical ideas. 'I have had more choice articles broken in the constant handling that dusting necessitates than would make me rich if I had their value. I long ago made up my mind that when I built a house I would do away with some of the trouble at least, so I have had all manner of little cuddy holes, niches, insets and over-mantel arrangements closed in with doors and fitted with plate glass. The doors lock, too, and there are strict orders that nobody opens them in the absence of the family. In these places are my treasures, and I have not had a thing of any account broken since they were fixed.

'I made up my mind, too, that if the idea had its uses in the drawing-room and parlors, it certainly had the same for the kitchen.

'If there is anything that is a constant source of anxiety and work, it is a kitchen shelf with a lot of miscellaneous articles standing on it. Every time the fire is started there is dust, and if the draught of the range is not good, one may wipe the shelf three times in one day and then scarcely keep it in presentable condition. So all of my shelves are arranged in cupboard fashion, with doors. Some of them have glass, some have not. The kitchen utensils are all kept in cupboards with regular doors; they are all fitted with weather-strips, and I have frequently, after three days of absence, opened the doors to find not enough dust on the shelves to soil a fine handkerchief. It is just as easy to construct things in this way as to put them up in the old-fashioned, haphazard, wear-one's-life-out style. The doors are only opened to put articles away, and one dusting a day takes the place of three.

'There are food-cupboards where the entire surface is lined with Portland cement. It is lathed and coated with a thick plaster, through which no rat or mouse has, up to date, had courage to gnaw.

'If people took more pains to provide labor-saving conveniences, woman's work would be greatly simplified.'—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ECONOMICAL LIVING.

It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing.

Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments, and be happier in the cosy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly.—*Exchange.*

PASS THEM ON.

Three things stand in the way of our giving to others things we cannot use and they could. One is selfishness,—the thought that maybe, sometime, we may need them. One is a shamefaced fear of offending. One is thoughtlessness. Says a sensible writer in the *Housekeeper*:—

I once worked for a woman who had a garret full of boxes of cast-off clothing, and her aunt lived in the same town and dressed shabbier than a servant, and that rich woman was really a kind-hearted woman, too, but I suppose she never thought of giving away what seemed to her so useless. I have many cast-off dresses given me by relatives who have no little ones to make over for, and they save me many pennies. Such as are too nice for my little ones, I pass on to a neighbor who has larger girls, and she in turn gives me her children's best outgrown things.

I am not so very poor, but I do not feel able to afford a high-class magazine, such as *Harper's* or the *Century*. Several of my relatives take two or three such, and store them away where they will probably never do any good. I think if such people would pass on their reading, it would do much toward stopping the circulation of trashy story papers.

SHOE BUTTON BAG AND HOLDER.

Cover a piece of cardboard, four by eight inches, with any pretty-figured silk or satin—a white ground strewn with scarlet flowers is bright and clean looking. Gather two pockets of the same material, and attach one above the other to the covered board, beginning at the bottom. Draw a narrow ribbon through a spool of very strong black thread, and hang the spool at the top of the card by tacking one end of the ribbon to the left corner, of the other to the right. It must be loose enough for the thread to draw off easily. Cut a few pieces of white flannel and sew inside the upper pocket for needles, and hang it up by a ribbon. When you have added the large needle, a thimble, shoe buttons to the pockets, you will have all things needed.

A substantial shoe-holder, one for three pairs of shoes, is made of ticking. Cut two strips two and one-half feet long, one five inches wide, the other eight inches wide. Let the stripes run the short way. Hem one side of each piece; sew the raw edges together so that when turned both right sides will front the same way; press the two together and stitch six pockets by seaming it the short way. This admits of four large and two small pockets. Place five suspender rings along the top and hang on the inside of a bedroom, or closet door. Tack the case firmly all round to keep it in place. Place one shoe in each pocket toe down and sole next the door. After having used one of these holders, tacked in the proper place, you would hardly know how to get along without it.—*Housekeeper.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CREAM CAKE.—One egg, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sweet cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder; flour enough to thicken. This cake is very nice warm.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat sugar and yolks of eggs together, sift baking powder into the flour, and stir flour into the cake; beat whites stiff, and flavor with lemon extract, then stir into the cake.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cupful of coffee sugar, half a cupful of sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of flour, three eggs, a dust of salt, half a pound of Shepp's cocoanut; sift the baking powder into the flour, mix the sugar and cream together, beat the yolks separately, and add them to the mixture, pour a little milk over the cocoanut to moisten, and add the whites, well beaten, to the cocoanut; stir in gradually, sift in the flour, stirring well; if too thin, add a little more flour; if too stiff, more cream.

TILDEN CAKE.—This is a favorite picnic cake. Two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of butter, four eggs, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of corn starch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs and beat together, then pour in the cupful of milk and slowly stir in the flour, beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir into the mixture, sift the baking powder into the corn starch and mix, then add it to the cake, stirring it well. If too thick, add more milk; if too thin, more flour.

RAISED DUTCH CAKE.—Take enough bread dough to fill a pint basin heaping full, put it in a mixing bowl, add one cupful of light brown sugar, half a cupful of butter and two eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and mix well together, adding flour to make it stiff enough. Prepare one cupful of raisins by taking out the seeds and chopping half of them, sprinkle with flour and stir them all in. Do not have the cake as stiff as bread dough. Put it in a buttered tin and set in a warm place until light; bake slowly nearly an hour. This cake is better after three days old.

THE 'MISS PATIENCE BAND.'

BY 'PANSY' IN 'LIFE AND LIGHT.'

(Concluded.)

After a little she cleared her voice and began again. 'Before the two years were quite over mother died, and I was all alone. I suppose you will think me kind of wild and foolish; the neighbors did, and I suppose I was; I made up my mind to sell my bits of things, and take a little money that I had saved up, and try to get enough to go across seas and hunt for James. They told me I was crazy; but I thought I had nothing to keep me at home—no duty, you know, mother being gone, and me all alone; but I was mistaken. That very summer Uncle George died, and Aunt Ann went blind, and had nobody to do for her. So of course I had to keep the bits of things, and go out West after her and bring her home, and sew for her and me, just as I had for mother and me. Then I was shut right up to prayer again. I always knew that praying and working went together when you could find any work to do; but the Lord had plainly taken my plan out of my hands, and told me to wait; so I just waited. One night I went to a missionary meeting. I didn't go generally, because they were in the daytime, and I couldn't spare the time, but this was in the evening, and a missionary spoke; and if you will believe it he was from Japan! I hadn't paid any attention to missions before that, I had been so busy and so full of trouble; and it hadn't even come to me that there were any good people away out there. This missionary told about how they helped an English sailor in their mission, once, and saved his life; and his words were just like news from heaven to me. I went to our minister before I slept that night, and got him to give me the name of the mission station that was the nearest to the place where James was left ashore. He didn't know how many miles away it was, and I didn't; but he wrote the address down for me on a bit of paper, and I wrote to the missionary. I couldn't tell you about those days when I waited for an answer,' said Miss Patience, and her eyes grew so dim that she had to hunt for her handkerchief before she could go on with the buttonholes—she was the star buttonhole maker of Madame's establishment. 'There was a very long time to wait; but at last he wrote,—that blessed missionary wrote me a long letter. He had never seen James, nor heard of him, and the place where he went ashore was a hundred miles away, and no railways; but he said he would remember his name and ask other missionaries to remember it, and he would pray every day that he might find him. Nothing ever did me so much good as that letter. I felt so kind of rested to think of others besides me praying for James. Well, a whole year went by; and most of the time I guess I lived in Japan. I saved every little scrap about that country that I could find in the paper, and I prayed about the country and the missionaries. I used to put their names next to James's. And don't you think one day he found him, the missionary did! He was a young missionary, not so many years older than James; and he was a doctor. Poor James was in a bad way; but that man hung on to him, and would not let him be desperate any more. And—it seems almost too good to be true, only girls you need never think that nothing that the Father in heaven can do for us is too good for him to think of—James found the Lord!'

No words will describe to you the exultant tones in which this news was given. 'Yes, he found the Lord; and I began to get letters from him—such letters! He said that at last he was safe; that even rum couldn't hurt him any more, because his feet were "anchored on the Rock of Ages, and the Captain would never let him slip." Those were his very words. And under God he owed it all to the missionaries. What is my poor little thank offering when I think of that! Well, the plans began about coming home. The missionaries helped with them, and wrote to me, and all; and the day came at last when he started. It seems queer to look back and think of it that it should be so; but it was an August day when he started home.'

'Well!' said Minnie, with what might be called respectful impatience, as the meek voice fell into silence, 'won't you go on, please? He started home; what then?'

'Oh!' said Miss Patience, called back apparently from a long past to the thread of her story, 'there was a fever on shipboard, and James took care of the sick and the dying, and was doctor, and minister, and nurse, and everything; and was worth his weight in gold, the captain told me; and then he took it. I never saw even his dear body; they had to put it in the sea; but his soul went straight home to God. That was seventeen years ago this August; and it was then that they began to have thank-offering meetings in our church. And I felt if there was anybody in this world that had something to be thankful for all her life it was I, with James safe in heaven, where the cruel saloons couldn't touch him any more. I promised the dear Lord that I would give five dollars every year that he spared my life to work, and that I would gladly make it ten if he ever saw fit to give me the means. He hasn't seen fit to do that; but he has let me give the five regularly, and it has been a great comfort and blessing to me. I don't know why he should want me to tell you girls such a quiet little story, but he seemed to say so, and I've done it. I never told anybody else, only Aunt Ann and the minister we had then. He knew James, and so, of course, was interested; but there was no call to tell it to others. I can't think why he wanted me to tell you.'

There was silence in the sewing room when Miss Patience hushed her pathetic little voice. The sewing went on swiftly in a way which would have delighted the Madame's heart; even Minnie bent her eyes on her work, and seemed to have no words.

It was Elsie who broke the silence: 'Girls, let us take up a collection, we nine girls; each give fifty cents, and send it to the secretary of Miss Patience's society for a thank offering, because we have Miss Patience here with us, and have heard her story.'

'Oh, you dear girls!' said Miss Patience, her tear-dimmed eyes growing bright as the eager acceptance of the plan went from mouth to mouth; 'four dollars and fifty cents more than they expected! I think it must be James's offering to missions; it was his story that moved you to do it. I read this morning about the servant who "being dead, yet speaketh," and I wished then that I knew some way to make that true of James; now I know why the dear Lord wanted me to tell you his story.'

* * * * *

'Why, this is very interesting!' said Mrs. Tracy Powers, looking up from the letter she was reading. Mrs. Powers was the secretary of the missionary society to which Miss Patience belonged. 'Mrs. Johnstone, here is a letter containing four dollars and fifty cents for our thank-offering fund; and it comes from the sewing girls at Madame Stover's! Who are those girls, anyway? Some of them attend our church, but I don't know them by name; and I hadn't the least idea they were interested in missions.'

'Nor had I,' said Mrs. Johnstone. 'It is very encouraging, I am sure. Let me see the list of names. Yes, I know some of these girls by sight. Minnie Adams, for instance; but I did not know she ever thought of the missionaries. This is something which ought to be worked up. Suppose I ask them to my social, Mrs. Powers? It is designed not only for the young people who are already members, but for those who can be induced to join us. There must be a good deal more to those girls than we have thought, or they would not send us unsought their hard-earned money.'

Mrs. Powers considered this 'the very thing'; and could not help smiling to herself over the wonderment there would be in some homes on receiving a personal invitation to Mrs. Russell Johnstone's elegant house. However, she had no idea of the sensation which was created thereby. For the next three days Madame Stover's sewing rooms were in a flutter. At first the girls were not going a step! Catch them pushing themselves in where they were not wanted, and being laughing stocks for well-dressed girls!' It was the voice of Miss Patience which quietly combatted this idea. She did not believe the girls dressed very elegantly at their missionary socials. 'It wouldn't be good taste, you know; and as for not being wanted, why would she have invited you if she didn't want you?'

This seemed a reasonable question, and led to others which were equally pertinent. The conclusion reached, much to the surprise of the girls themselves, was that they would go, for once, and see what Mrs. Johnstone's house was like; people said it was so elegant.

'I was in the hall once,' said Minnie Adams, 'waiting for a dress which had to be brought back, and things were so splendid there that I was afraid to sit down. I don't know how I should feel in the parlors, but I mean to try it and see. We have wanted something new to happen to us this long time; and now it has happened, I say let us meet it half way.'

Every girl of them had a white gown of some sort; and with careful washing and ironing, and a fresh bit of lace here, or ribbon there, very pleasant results were obtained. Madame Stover herself need not have been ashamed of them when at last they were ready.

As for the evening, it was a revelation to them. Not a girl in the room was what they would have called elegantly dressed; in fact some of the costumes were simpler than their own; and what nice, sensible girls they seemed to be! Some of them whose fathers were millionaires, laughed and chatted with the sewing girls as though they had always known them. 'You will all *join our* band, will you *not*?' they asked. 'How splendid! We have wanted some new members this long time, and did not know where to look for them. You can't interest some of the girls in our church in missions. They say they don't believe in them. Of course that only shows that they don't know what they are talking about; but it serves as an excuse. We are so glad you are going to set them an example.'

It would be too long a story to tell you in detail how this little beginning grew. I do not know that any of those interested were more astonished over its growth than were the nine girls themselves. When they finally accepted Mrs. Johnstone's invitation it had been with no thought of posing as those who were especially interested in missions.

'But then,' said Minnie Adams, 'if we were not, what business had we at a missionary social?' And by the same token they decided that they could do no less than join the band. They need not attend the meetings very often, and ten cents a month was not much even for them; besides, they could withdraw after a month or two. And they allowed their names to go on the record. And they of the 'Miss Patience Band' have joined forces with that other society, and are supporting a teacher, 'all by themselves.' Yes, they changed the name of the band by common consent, when one day the girls told them the story of Miss Patience and James.

'By all means let us be the "Miss Patience Band,"' said the secretary, who was Helen Carrington Holmes; and she gave them a hundred-dollar bill as a 'thank offering' the day her son showed his first tooth! Long ago the girls decided that 'Helen Holmes was real benevolent, even if she was rich.'

'The fact is we didn't understand people very well in those days,' Elsie said, looking back two years as though a century had intervened. 'I could never have imagined that it would give one such changed views of life simply to belong to a mission band. It makes a great difference to have one of our number president of a society. Don't you think so?'

'That is all very well,' said Minnie Adams, 'but what will that be compared with having one of our number blossom into a real live missionary herself!' Then all the girls looked at Elsie and laughed, for Elsie was shirring her last ruffles. She had earned and saved money enough, with a little judicious help from Helen Homes and one or two other members of the Miss Patience Band, whose efficient secretary she was, to spend a year at the school on which her heart and purpose had been steadily set for the last two years. And was not Jamie Walker studying for the ministry? and did not everybody know that he meant to go to China? and wasn't it perfectly plain that when the time for going came the 'Miss Patience Band' would lose its secretary?

Ah! Miss Patience, meek little sewing woman that she was, had builded better than she knew when she told her quiet story to 'the girls' that August day.

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

One winter, several years ago, there was a great deal of religious interest in a certain American town, and among those who joined the church was Allie Forsythe, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow; and had removed four years before from their home in Vermont to this home in Wisconsin.

On the evening of the Sabbath when he joined the church, Allie was sitting in the twilight with his mother, and presently she said:

'Allie, tell me what led you to want to be a Christian? Was it your home teachings, your lessons in Sunday-school, the regular preaching of the pastor, or has it all come through the influence of the revival meetings?'

Looking up into his mother's face, he replied:

'Mamma, it was none of these. But do you remember when we were coming from St. Albans to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me till the conductor, whom you knew well, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and that I was just as safe on the engine with him as in the parlor car with you?

His mother assured him that she remembered the circumstances very well.

'Then,' continued Allie, 'you allowed me to ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came after me. When about ready to start from the station where I first got on the engine, the engineer knelt down for just a little bit, and then got up and started his locomotive.

'I asked him many questions about its different parts and about the places we passed by, and he was very patient in answering. Soon we stopped at another station, and he knelt down again, just a moment before we started. As he did this often, I tried to see what he was doing, and finally, after we had passed a good many stations, I made up my mind to ask him. He looked at me very earnestly, and said: "My little lad, do you pray?"

'I replied, "Oh, yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening."

'"Well, my dear boy," said he, "God has allowed me to hold a very responsible place here. There are, perhaps, two hundred lives on this train entrusted to my care. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to signals, might send all, or many of these two hundred souls, into eternity. So at every station I kneel just a short while, and ask the Master to help me, and to keep from all harm, until I reach the next station, the many lives he has put into my hands. All the years I have been on this engine he has helped me, and not a single human being of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident."

'I have never before mentioned what he said, but almost daily I have thought about him, and resolved that I would be a Christian, too.'

For four years the life and words of this praying engineer had been constantly present with this lad, and became at length the means of leading him into a Christian life.—*Union Gospel News.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUNDAY.

Mr. Gladstone's daughter once wrote to Lady Waterford, 'Yesterday my father was saying that he did not believe he would be alive now if he had not always kept his Sundays quite apart from his ordinary, and specially his political, life. Not only because of the pure refreshment it has always been to him to turn to holier things on that day, but because it has enabled him to learn more on religious subjects than perhaps any other layman.' This is splendid testimony to the value of the Christian Sabbath. It is well known that Mr. Gladstone has perhaps the best modern religious library in England. He has pondered and digested nearly all of these books, and has been able to do so because he has steadily set apart one day in seven for religious thought and reading. Fifty-two days in each year make up a large part of a long life. Men complain to-day that they find no time for religion. The busiest of English statesmen has always been able to find it.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
—SHAKESPEARE.

David Livingstone

SUSI AND CHUMA, LIVINGSTONE'S 'BODY-GUARD.'

A MODERN EPIC.

(*By the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., in 'Missionary Review.'*)

The work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can thickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvellous story connected with his death and burial, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel. It is absolutely unique in its solitary sublimity.

On the night of his death, Livingstone called for Susi, his faithful servant, and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, he said, 'All right; you may go out now;' and reluctantly Susi left him alone. At four o'clock next morning, May 1, Susi and Chuma with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer; but he did not stir, there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough; the chill of death was there. The great Father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they felt that they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course now to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar, But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had neither skill nor facilities for embalming; and, if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads or carts; no beasts of burden available—the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings, and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry that body to the sea-shore, and not give it into any other hands until they could surrender it to those of his countrymen; and, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, all must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the village.

Now watch these black men, as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a saviour. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera; these, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, they reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom; and so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainwright, read the simple service of burial, and under the moula-tree at Ilala that heart was deposited, and the tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days, to be dried, and so reduced to the condition of a mummy. Then it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark, over which was sewn a covering of canvas, the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so was, at last, ready to be borne between two men, upon their shoulders.

As yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the worst of their task was all before them. The sea was far away, and the path lay through a territory where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties. Nevertheless Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden, and looking to Livingstone's God for help, began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track which their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweolo, passing to the south of Lake Liembe, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, and then crossing to Unyanyembe. Where it was found out that they were bearing a dead body, shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains which they were carrying. And now their love and generalship were put to a new test; but again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only that it contained branches instead of human bones, and this with mock solemnity they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance, scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to get what they needed and start anew with their charge.

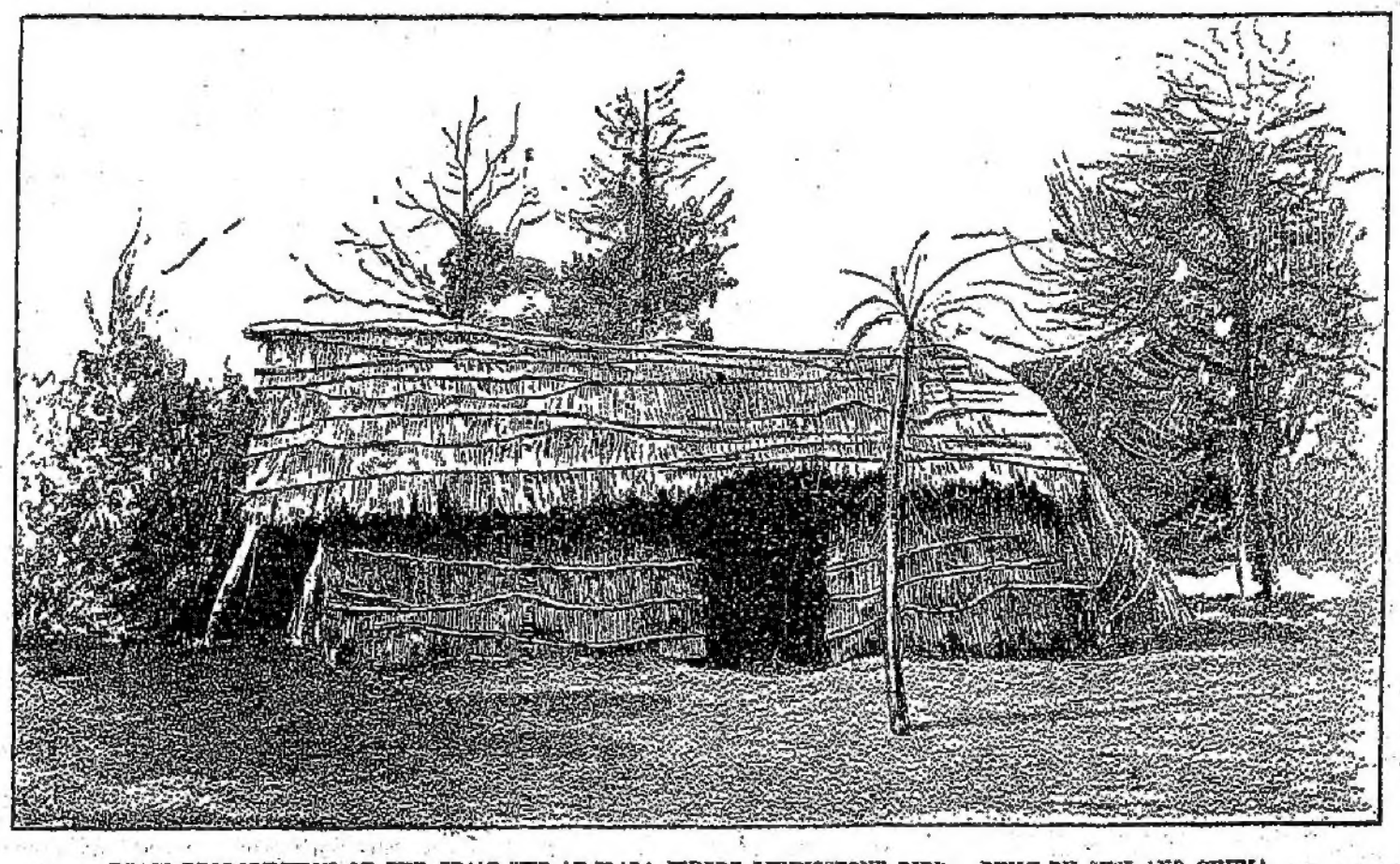
The true story of that nine months' march has never yet been written, and it never will be, for the full data cannot be supplied. But here is material, waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystallize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it both deserves and demands the master hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some of our modern scientific philosophers would place at but one remove from the gorilla, run all manner of risks by day and night for forty weeks, now going round by a circuitous route to insure safe passage; now compelled to resort to stratagem to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and traverse trackless deserts, daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and actually burying several of their little band on the way: yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting or halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British Consul, on March 12th, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero save that buried heart at Ilala.

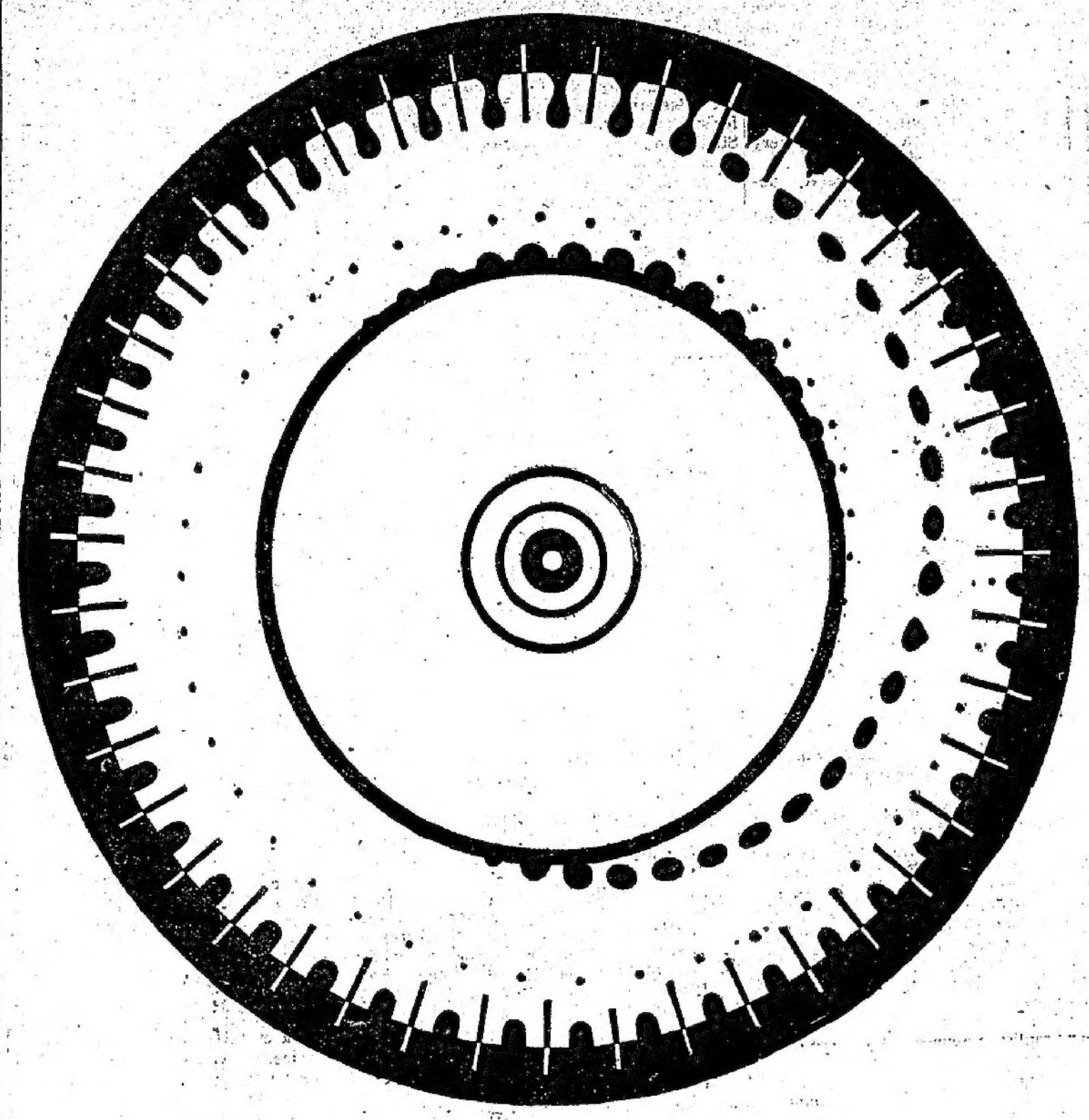
When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15th, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and such personal risk, that, not until the fractured bones of the arm which the lion crushed at Mabotsa, thirty years before, identified the remains, was it certain that it was Livingstone's body. And then, on April 18th, 1874, such a funeral *cortege* entered the great abbey of Britain's illustrious dead, as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and the faithful body servants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well they might be! No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conquerer ever equalled, for sublimity, that lonely journey through Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism equal to this the world has never before seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, and made of tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for His anointing; the feminine tenderness that lifted His mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen with costly spices, and laid it in a virgin tomb—all this has at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of a few black men who belong to a race which white men have been accustomed to treat as heirs of an eternal curse. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene, amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous abbey, loses in lustre when contrasted with that simpler scene near Ilala, when, in God's greater cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart to rest! In that great procession that moved up the nave, what truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon the pall? Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Ham, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent—let such tell us whether the effort is not worth any cost, which seeks out and saves men of whom such Christian heroism is possible!

Burn on, thou humble candle, burn, within thy hut of grass,
Though few may be the pilgrim feet that through Ilala pass.
God's hand hath lit thee long to shine, and shed thy holy light,
Till the new day dawn pours its beams o'er Afric's long midnight.
Sleep on, dear heart, that beat for those whom cruel bonds enslaved,
And yearned, with such a Christlike love, that black men might be saved.
Thy grave shall draw heroic souls to seek the moula-tree,
That God's own image may be carved on Afric's ebony!

An Indian Boy in Alaska recently became sensible of his sins. He awoke at night, and prayed until midnight. The next morning he told his teacher that he was 'the sinnerest boy in the school.'



EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE GRASS HUT AT ILALA WHERE LIVINGSTONE DIED. BUILT BY SUSI AND CHUMA.



THAUMATROPE FOR SHOWING THE FORMATION AND OSCILATION OF DROPS.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

(Continued.)

THAUMATROPE FOR SHOWING THE FORMATION AND OSCILLATIONS OF DROPS.

The experiment showing the formation of water-drops can be very perfectly imitated, and the movements actually made visible, without any necessity for using liquids at all, by simply converting it into the old-fashioned instrument called a thaumatrope. What will then be seen is a true representation, because the forms in the figure are copies of a series of photographs taken from the moving drops at the rate of forty-three photographs in two seconds.

Obtain a piece of good cardboard as large as the figure, and having brushed it all over on one side with thin paste, lay the figure upon it, and press it down evenly. Place it upon a table, and cover it with a few thicknesses of blotting paper, and lay over all a flat piece of board large enough to cover it. Weights sufficient to keep it all flat may be added. This must be left all night at least, until the card is quite dry, or else it will curl up and be useless. Now with a sharp chisel or knife, but a chisel if possible, cut out the forty-three slits near the edge, accurately following the outline indicated in black and white, and keeping the slits as narrow as possible. Then cut a hole in the middle, so as to fit the projecting part of a sewing-machine cotton-reel, and fasten the cotton-reel on the side away from the figure with glue or small nails. It must be fixed exactly in the middle. The edge should of course be cut down to the outside of the black rim.

Now having found a pencil or other rod on which the cotton-reel will freely turn, use this as an axle, and holding the disc up in front of a looking-glass, and in a good light, slowly and steadily make it turn round. The image of the disc seen through the slit in the looking-glass will then perfectly represent every feature of the growing and falling drop. As the drop grows it will gradually become too heavy to be supported, a waist will then begin to form which will rapidly get narrower, until the drop at last breaks away. It will be seen to continue its fall until it has disappeared in the liquid below, but it has not mixed with this, and so it will presently appear again, having bounced out of the liquid. As it falls it will be seen to vibrate as the result of the sudden release from the one-sided pull. The neck which was drawn out will meanwhile have gathered itself in the form of a little drop, which will then be violently hit by the oscillations of the remaining pendant drop above, and driven down. The pendant drop will be seen to vibrate and grow at the same time, until it again breaks away as before, and so the phenomena are repeated.

In order to perfectly reproduce the experiment, the axle should be firmly held upon a stand, and the speed should not exceed one turn in two seconds.

The effect is still more real if a screen is placed between the disc and the mirror, which will only allow one of the drops to be seen.

WATER-DROPS IN PARAFFIN AND BISULPHIDE OF CARBON.

All that was said in describing the Plateau experiment applies here. Perfectly spherical and large drops of water can be formed in a mixture so made that the lower parts are very little heavier, and the upper parts very little lighter, than water. The addition of bisulphide of carbon makes the mixture heavier. This liquid—bisulphide of carbon—is very dangerous, and has a most dreadful smell, so that it had better not be brought into the house. The form of a hanging drop, and the way in which it breaks off, can be seen if water is used in paraffin alone, but it is much more evident if a little bisulphide of carbon is mixed with the paraffin, so that water will sink slowly in the mixture. Pieces of glass tube, open at both ends from half an inch to one inch in diameter, show the action best. Having poured some water colored blue into a glass vessel, and covered it to a depth of several inches with paraffin, or the paraffin mixture, dip the pipe down into the water, having first closed the upper end with the thumb or the palm of the hand. On then removing the hand, the water will rush up inside the tube. Again close the upper end as before, and raise the tube until the lower end is well above the water, though still immersed in the paraffin. Then allow air to enter the pipe very slowly by just rolling the thumb the least bit to one side. The water will escape slowly and form a large growing drop, the size of which, before it breaks away, will depend on the density of the mixture and the size of the tube.

To form a water cylinder in the paraffin the tube must be filled with water as before, but the upper end must now be left open. Then when all is quiet the tube is to be rather rapidly withdrawn in the direction of its own length, when the water which was within it will be left behind in form of a cylinder, surrounded by the paraffin. It will then break up into spheres so slowly, in the case of a large tube, that the operation can be watched. The depth of paraffin should be quite ten times the diameter of the tube.

To make bubbles of water in the paraffin, the tube must be dipped down into the water with the upper end open all the time, so that the tube is mostly filled with paraffin. It must then be closed for a moment above and raised till the end is completely out of the water. Then if air is allowed to enter slowly, and the tube is gently raised, bubbles of water filled with paraffin will be formed which can be made to separate from the pipe, like soap-bubbles from a 'churchwarden,' by a suitable sudden movement. If a number of water-drops are floating in the paraffin in the pipe, and this can be easily arranged, then the bubbles made will contain possibly a number of other drops, or even other bubbles. A very little bisulphide of carbon poured carefully down a pipe will form a heavy layer above the water, on which these compound bubbles will remain floating.

Cylindrical bubbles of water in paraffin may be made by dipping the pipe down into the water and withdrawing it quickly without ever closing the top at all. These break up into spherical bubbles in the same way that the cylinder of liquid broke up into spheres of liquid.

BEADED SPIDER-WEBS.

These are found in the spiral part of the webs of all the geometrical spiders. The beautiful geometrical webs may be found out of doors in abundance in the autumn, or in green-houses at almost any time of the year. To mount these webs so that the beads may be seen, take a small flat ring of any material, or a piece of cardboard with a hole cut out with a gun-wad cutter, or otherwise. Smear the face of the ring, or the card, with a very little strong gum. Choose a freshly-made web, and then pass the ring, or the card, across the web so that some of the spiral web (not the central part of the web) remains stretched across the hole. This must be done without touching or damaging the pieces that are stretched across, except at their ends. The beads are too small to be seen with the naked eye. A strong magnifying-glass, or a low power microscope, will show the beads and their marvellous regularity. The beads on the webs of very young spiders are not so regular as those on spiders that are fully grown. Those beautiful beads, easily visible to the naked eye, on spider lines in the early morning of an autumn day, are not made by the spider, but are simply dew. They very perfectly show the spherical form of small water-drops.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WATER-JETS.

These are easily taken by the method described by Mr. Chichester Bell. The flash of light is produced by a short spark from a few Leyden-jars. The fountain, or jet, should be five or six feet away from the spark, and the photographic plate should be held as close to the stream of water as is possible without touching. The shadow is then so definite that the photograph, when taken, may be examined with a powerful lens, and will still appear sharp. Any rapid dry plate will do. The room, of course, must be quite dark when the plate is placed in position, and the spark then made. The regular breaking up of the jet may be effected by sound produced in almost any way. The straight jet, of which Fig. 41 was a representation, magnified about three and a quarter times, was regularly broken up by simply whistling to it with a key. The fountains were broken up regularly by fastening the nozzle to one end of a long piece of wood clamped at the end to the stand of a tuning-fork, which was kept sounding by electrical means. An ordinary tuning-fork, made to rest when sounding against the wooden support of the nozzle, will answer quite as well, but is not quite so convenient. The jet will break up best to certain notes, but it may be tuned to a great extent by altering the size of the orifice or the pressure of the water, or both.

(To be Continued.)

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A boy will stand and hold a kite,
From early morn till late at night
And never tire at all;
But, oh! it gives him bitter pain
To stand and hold his mother's skein
The while she winds the ball.

A girl will gladly sit and play
With half a dozen dolls all day,
And call it jolly fun;
But, oh! it makes her sick and sour
To tend the baby half an hour,
Although it's only one.

'ARRAYED IN A SINGULAR COLLECTION OF GARMENTS.'

MASTER BARTLEMY OR THE THANKFUL HEART.

By Frances E. Crompton, Author of 'Friday's Child.'

VI.

'Trimmer,' remarked Miss Nancy, with studied affability, 'I do know such a nice walk; you cannot think what a good one it is.'

'Indeed, Miss Nancy,' responded Trimmer, with but moderate warmth.

'You would like it very much, I feel sure that you would,' pursued Miss Nancy. 'Trimmer, when you want to go a new walk, will you tell me?'

'Yes, Miss Nancy, I will.

This was not encouraging; Miss Nancy was reduced to plain speaking. 'I should like to go this walk very much. Might we go to-day?'

If poor Trimmer could have found any reasonable grounds for refusal, she would gladly have availed herself of them, for, like Aunt Norreys, she hated country walks, but Miss Nancy had to be taken somewhere.

'I begin to grow a little tired of the road to St. Edmunds,' said Miss Nancy. 'I know it rather well, you see. And the road through the village, too.'

'Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer, determinedly, 'my face is fixed against fields.'

'The new walk is a lane!' cried Miss Nancy, triumphantly. 'It is not fields, nor ditches, nor horses, nor cows. Trimmer, do you think we could go it?'

'I shall see when I get there,' replied Trimmer, guardedly. 'Miss Nancy, do not think that frock is clean enough to go out in, for it is not. And that makes three clean print frocks this week,'

'I don't want to put another on, Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy, in subdued accents; but, to propitiate the seat of government, made no further protest, and stood with exemplary patience to be dressed in that plain but spotless garment considered by Trimmer the only proper one for a young lady taking her walks abroad in the season of summer. Cleanliness came before godliness in Trimmer's requirements. Miss Nancy might accidentally be naughty now and then, but under no circumstances might she be dirty.

'This walk will begin like the village,' announced Miss Nancy, when the expedition had set out. 'You will think it is going to be through the village like the old one, but it is not. Presently you will see it.'

Presently came just on the outskirts of the village, when Miss Nancy opened the churchyard gate.

'Miss Nancy, where are you going now?' demanded Trimmer.

'It is a proper walk, quite proper,' said Miss Nancy, stoutly, leading the way in much haste, lest Trimmer should change her mind, past the sunny window where the white roses peeped and nodded to Master Bartlemy, to a wicket in the churchyard wall, and down a flight of worn steps into a little lane, very narrow, and very deep.

'Trimmer, this is it, announced Miss Nancy.

Trimmer did not respond with enthusiasm.

'It looks very dirty, Miss Nancy,' she said.

'No, it is only a very little dirty, Trimmer, and I do not mind it, I do not, indeed. And you do not know, Trimmer, for you cannot possibly know, how beautiful it is down there.'

Trimmer turned down the new lane with the eye of one who has doubts. The churchyard wall was on one side, and on the other an overgrown hedge, so that the churchyard trees and the hawthorn bushes met overhead. This made the lane very attractive to a person of Miss Nancy's age; but a person of Trimmer's could not be blind to the mud in the deep ruts, and Trimmer picked her way with a very dissatisfied face.

'Isn't it beautiful?' breathed Miss Nancy. 'But soon it will be more!'

'I hope so, Miss Nancy,' said Trimmer plainly, 'for I was just beginning to think that we would turn back.'

'Oh, Trimmer! When it is just here—at least, only such a little further!'

'Well, Miss Nancy, I really do not see what you have come to look at,' said Trimmer, but being by no means an unkind woman, though a strict one, she struggled on to Miss Nancy's goal. The lane ended in old iron gates, hung on stone pillars with great stone balls on their tops.

'And, oh, Trimmer, it is here!' said Miss Nancy.

'There is not much to see here, Miss Nancy,' replied Trimmer; 'I suppose it is only that old place you talked about.'

Miss Nancy looked at her beseechingly. 'And don't you like it? But, Trimmer mayn't I stay a few minutes, and look?'

'Well, you may stay while I walk to the corner and back,' said Trimmer.

Miss Nancy thanked her gratefully; and Trimmer turned away, with the somewhat old reflection that there was no accounting for the fancies of children. What Miss Nancy could find to look at, she failed to see; and indeed exactly where the attraction did lie does not appear. Could we precisely define all those odd fascinations of our childhood, to which we still look back pleasantly,—if sometimes a little sadly? for alas, alas, there are no such dreams now-a-days!

Miss Nancy stood oblivious to all else, clasping the bars of the gates, with her face pressed to them, gazing in, with her very heart in her eyes, upon a meadow so yellow with buttercups that it was like a field of gold, upon a path leading through it to a low stone wall and another gateway, of which the gates were open, as if they had not been closed for a long, long time. Miss Nancy could see within. She saw a wide old courtyard paved with stone, filled with yellow sunlight, where the pigeons came down, and fluttered and strutted; she saw mellow walls, latticed windows, twisted chimneys, peaked roofs, overhanging gables, and apple and pear trees all pink and white with bloom. Behind, the rolling uplands where the sheep pastured, and the hanging birchwood falling down to the level meadows, and before, the field of the cloth of gold, where the buttercups grew, and in the midst, the house of the Thankful Heart.

'And don't you ever need to go inside the gates, Trimmer?' asked Miss Nancy, when she was finally torn from the spot.

'No, Miss Nancy, certainly not. How should I?'

Miss Nancy did not know, and pondered the matter with unspeakable longing all the way home. To visit the Thankful Heart had now become the chief aim of her existence; but she must needs bide her time in patience, for impatience had never in her life gained her anything.

But Patience is a sure horse, however slow; and, jogging steadily forward, carried Miss Nancy at last almost within reach of her desire. There came an evening when over dessert the squire said, 'I shall be late for lunch to-morrow. Todd is coming from St. Edmund's to go over the upland pastures with me. He is to meet me at eleven o'clock at the Thankful Heart.'

He said it; and Miss Nancy heard it, and though pale with sudden rapture, still survived.

But good steed as Patience may be, she cannot avert the inevitable, and as poor Miss Nancy perceived from her window, the next morning was a wet one, and not a little wet, but suddenly pouring. She watched the weather with a failing heart all breakfast time, and well aware that in face of it any request preferred to Aunt Norreys could only meet with a most reasonable refusal, ended by trusting to her old expedient of escaping from Trimmer to join the squire at the last moment. But Miss Nancy was unskilful in strategy, and the enemy had overwhelming advantages, and presently surprised her in the act of flight, arrayed in a singular collection of such garments as lay at her command; an old hat of the squire's which could come to no further harm, her own red cloak, her strongest boots, and by way of great precautions, a cast-off pair of Trimmer's goloshes.

'Miss Nancy!' exclaimed the astounded Trimmer.

'I am just going out with daddy, Trimmer,' faltered the guilty young lady.

'Oh, are you, Miss Nancy,' rejoined Trimmer grimly. 'Now, you will do nothing of the sort.'

'Trimmer,' said Miss Nancy, desperately, 'I must go.'

'Miss Nancy, take those things off immediately.'

'Trimmer, I will go!'

'Miss Arminel!' said Trimmer in a fearful voice, for Miss Nancy's rebellious moments were so few and fleeting as to be an astonishment when they did come.

I mean, Trimmer, mayn't I go? Oh, Trimmer, if I sit under the apron of the gig?'

'Miss Nancy, you know very well that you may not. Your Aunt Norreys would not listen to it for a moment, and as for your papa, well, I hear him driving away now.'

Which indeed he did; and Miss Nancy was left at the head of the stairs in such an agony of disappointment as we have all felt at her age, but happily not often afterwards; for although one's disappointments may be as keen, they lose at least the utter helplessness of those days.

'Miss Nancy, will you do as you are bidden?'

Trimmer's voice recalled her to herself, and to the fact that she really was left at home, and the day must be faced.

'I feel as if I should soon be naughty, I feel as if I—couldn't help—it!' Miss Nancy's voice died away wailfully.

'Miss Nancy, you know you never could have gone in this rain, so do not make a piece of work about it. Go and take those things off.'

'I did so want to go, I did so want to go,' stammered Miss Nancy incoherently, obeying more by instinct than anything else, and shuffling miserably after Trimmer, with the goloshes treading on each other's toes, and the squire's hat halfway down her face. 'I wanted more than anything in the world. I thought I could go with daddy, if I was very good. Oh, Trimmer, and he was going to the Thankful Heart! And you have made him go without me. Oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, Trimmer!'

Trimmer was perforce deaf to this heart-rending appeal; but she was a feeling person in her own way.

It is not indeed quite to be ascertained whether Trimmer had not herself undertaken the task, when one day she announced, 'Miss Nancy, Mrs. Plummett's rheumatism being so bad that she cannot go out, I have to go for her to-morrow, to take some things to a sick woman. If you are good you may go with me. It is the shepherd's wife, who lives in the farmyard of the Thankful Heart.'

But there certainly seems to be times when fate has nothing for us but buffets; which are doubtless salutary, but, like other salutary things, not to be taken without a gulp.

When Trimmer came to Miss Nancy's bedroom in the morning, she found her young lady standing on a chair before the looking-glass, the better to obtain a commanding view down her own throat. 'I do not see it sore inside, but it feels as if it soon might be,' Miss Nancy said, turning round a small, woe-begone face with wan cheeks and great, anxious eyes, and speaking in that croaking voice which always heralded a sore throat of that form to which she was much addicted, and which was the more to be dreaded because it was inherited from her mother.

'And Miss Nancy the picture of her this minute!' said Trimmer almost aloud. 'And she was only ill three days, and it was her throat.'

'Get back into bed at once, Miss Nancy,' adjured Trimmer, 'or I cannot tell how much sorer it may be. Now, you shall have your breakfast in bed, and we shall see how you feel after that.'

'Do you think it may be gone by the time I have had my breakfast, Trimmer?'

'Well, we shall see,' replied Trimmer, tucking Miss Nancy up in bed. 'You must lie still now, and perhaps if you eat your breakfast, your throat may be better after it.'

But alas, it was no better, even after Miss Nancy's very gallant attempt at her bread and milk, and the tears would trickle down her cheeks as she began to perceive that she must make up her mind to that only too familiar calamity which she dolorously called, 'having a throat.'

'I haven't brought it on myself, Trimmer, as you said I did before,' she croaked piteously. 'I haven't been in the fields with daddy all this week. And oh, Trimmer, Trimmer, I cannot go to the Thankful Heart again!'

Trimmer could find no immediate consolation for poor little Miss Nancy under this second grievous blow. It was but cold comfort when she said, 'Well, Miss Nancy, if you cannot go, I will not, and someone else shall take the things,' because Miss Nancy was fully aware that it was no disappointment at all to her.

'And you must not cry and fret,' pursued Trimmer, 'because you will only make yourself feverish. The better you behave now, the happier you will feel after it.'

(To be Continued.)

HORSE TALK.

Don't ask me to 'back' with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron, weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road or I will expect it next time and may be make trouble.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put my blind bridle so that it irritates my eye or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing, I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow is on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean it is a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't make me drink ice cold water nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding it a half minute against my body.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A FALSE REPORT does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology of that which one has led.—*St. Jerome.*

OUR S. S. BIBLE COMPETITION.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE SECOND QUARTER.

Day school examinations seem to have somewhat crowded our Bible Competition, for the second quarter of the year, into a second place. The number of essays on the International S. S. Lessons for the months of April, May and June is nothing like as large as the number sent in on those of the first quarter. Never mind, we shall expect great things in the next three months. This time, the boys take the lead.

THE FIRST (SENIOR) PRIZE

has been won by John C. Rendey, Rosetta, Ont., and

THE FIRST (JUNIOR) PRIZE

by Joseph Brown, Colinville, Ont.

THE SECOND (JUNIOR) PRIZE

goes to Mildred Louise Gould, Embro, Ont.

We extend to these young students our heartiest congratulations, and will expect to hear from them next quarter.

'WHAT! WORK IN THE HOLIDAYS?'

The 'Messenger' editor hears a few hundreds ask. Certainly—this kind of work. It is just the kind you will find you have the most time for. The long, lovely Sunday afternoons in the country, or the quiet ones in the cool parlor or balcony of your city home after Sunday-school, you will find are just meant for this. Get your Bible and your concordance and maps and note book and pencil, and get out to your hammock on the veranda, or the rustic seat under that old maple, or on the knoll under that old gnarled apple tree; or settle yourself in that cool cane chair in the darkened parlor, and—why, you will find that supper time has come before you are half through the points you intended to master. You see elsewhere what the prize winners say of their prizes. Who will be the prize winners next time?

FOUR HANDSOME PRIZES.

Four handsome prizes will also be given for the four best essays on the portion of the Life of Christ taken up in the International Sunday-school lessons for the months of July, August and September. The prizes are as follows:—For those over twelve and under twenty-one.

1ST SENIOR PRIZE.—A handsome reference Bible with limp covers, concordance and maps.

2ND SENIOR PRIZE.—A life of some noted missionary, illustrated.

JUNIOR PRIZES.

The First and Second Junior Prizes are just the same as those given to the older competitors, except that we give the little ones a Bible without a concordance as that adds much to both bulk and weight.

HOW TO SEND ESSAYS.

The essays must not exceed 600 words and must be written on one side of the paper only. On the upper right hand corner of the first page write a *nom-de-plume* or motto by which your essay may be distinguished. Enclose in sealed envelope your full name and post-office address with motto on outside and pin this in with the sheets at the upper left hand corner. Do not roll or fold the essay in mailing. Essays will be accepted up to the 13th of October. Address all essays

BIBLE COMPETITION,
Northern Messenger,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM PRIZE WINNERS.

How well our S. S. Bible Competition is being appreciated is seen in the following letters of acknowledgment. We thank the writers most heartily and not only them, but many others whose kind words of commendation we have not space to publish.

MESSRS. J. DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of the Bible awarded to Master Miles Langstaff in the 'Northern Messenger' Competition. It was received in good condition and I am confident that Master Miles will be delighted with his prize as well as gratified with his success in essay-writing.

He is away from home for his holidays, otherwise he would be pleased to forward his acknowledgments.

Your little paper, the 'Messenger,' is taken by our Sunday-school (Presbyterian) and is highly appreciated by teachers and pupils.

Allow me to thank you not only for the prize received by Master Miles, but also for the very commendable effort you are making to encourage the study of the Bible among the young people of our homes. Yours sincerely,

L. F. LANGSTAFF.

Ontario, July 2, 1891.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR SIRS:—Please accept my heartiest thanks for the beautiful Bible you have sent me as Senior prize in the 'Northern Messenger' Bible Competition. I had long ago ceased to expect a prize, but I felt that the close, connected study of the Bible necessary in preparing the essay had amply repaid me, so that when it came as such a pleasant surprise, I almost felt that it was more than I deserved.

We have taken the 'Messenger' for years and would not know how to do without it. Again thanking you, I remain,

Yours truly,
EDNA I. STONE.

July 7, 1891.

Another Sabbath-School worker in Ontario, in remitting for a supply of the Sabbath-School edition of the "Northern Messenger" writes as follows:—'I am so glad that we have been enabled to take it again as I think it is the best paper we can take.'

'TAKES EVERY CENT!'

'Good morning, Mrs. Roberts; a penny for your thoughts, though by the gravity of your countenance I should judge them worth millions. I hope I do not intrude,' and Mrs. Gray hesitated on the threshold of Mrs. Robert's private room, to which the maid, on the strength of her intimacy with her mistress, had sent her unannounced.

'Oh, no, indeed; come right in. I am only too glad to have someone in whom I may confide. I can hardly ask advice, for there seems but one course left open, and yet I do want so much to do something for the spread of the gospel.'

Mrs. Gray looked surprised. 'Why, my dear friend, do you not? I beg your pardon, but you told me the other day that the church's demands were very heavy this year.'

Mrs. Roberts flushed, looked annoyed, but finally said: 'I believe after all I am in need of advice. Let me make a full confession. The demands of the church are heavy. I scarcely enjoy any of the service for fear some new contribution be asked; but, my dear, I am not responding to scarcely any of those demands, nor do I see how I can do so. You know Mr. Roberts' salary is small and our expenses heavy, try as hard as I may to be economical. For the sake of our children we must live in a respectable locality, where rents and living are no small item, and we must go respectably clad, and it just takes every cent to do it. Oh, of course we pay our pew rent, and occasionally something more; but I never have anything for extra occasions, such as thank-offering, for instance. It is that which is troubling me now.'

'Could you not give some of Mr. Smith's money?' Mrs. Gray put the question quietly, without a touch of sarcasm in her voice; but the quick tears filled her friend's eyes, and she said in a hurt tone:

'I did not think you would mock me.'

'I would not do that for the world,' was the quick rejoinder; 'but, oh, my dear friend, you have quite as much right to spend Mr. Smith's money as you have to spend the Lord's.'

'If you mean that we ought to set aside a tenth of our income for religious and charitable purposes, I can only say that it is quite impossible, and the Lord does not ask the impossible. No one would enjoy doing it more than I.'

'I know. Two years ago I said almost exactly those words to our pastor, who had asked a contribution toward the new church building, and I will reply to you as he did to me: 'Nine-tenths with the Lord's blessing will do more for you than ten-tenths without His blessing.' I am so sure, after these years of trial not only of the truth of His answer but also that there can be no exceptions in the rule God gave to His people. Small salaries as well as large ones must be tithed.'

'I do not know,' Mrs. Roberts said musingly. 'I never thought of it that way before. I know it would be a relief in many ways to have a stated sum to draw upon for the Lord's work, but suppose at the end of the month I should find myself in arrears, do you think it would be right to give when my debts were unpaid?'

Mrs. Gray smiled. 'The devil has a great many objections to systematic giving, for it always increases spirituality; and he will not cease to ply you with them until you have finally settled that you owe the Lord as truly as the butcher or grocer; and I do not believe, my dear, but that your management is too careful to allow yourself to run in debt.'

'You will excuse me, I know, if my question seems rude, but will you tell me just how you manage it?'

'Certainly. My husband draws his salary monthly. He, himself, when he decided to give systematically, purchased a small combination safe, such as your Willie keeps his pennies in, and in the little drawer marked 'For the Lord.' Upon drawing his salary one-tenth is at once placed in the little safe, subject to demand. We also have a little book in which these amounts are entered and, underneath, the various objects to which they are given. Generally, the greater part of the tenth is already planned for, and it never lies long in the drawer.'

'But do you never feel like borrowing when some unlooked-for emergency arises in the household? You see I am determined to know all about it.' Mrs. Roberts spoke apologetically.

'You may ask all the questions you wish, for I am sure you intend to try the blessed plan yourself,' said Mrs. Gray heartily. 'No, indeed, I never feel like borrowing the Lord's money any more than I feel like borrowing from you. You know I have an unconquerable aversion to debt, and besides, through planning to spend my tenth, I have become more acquainted with the needs of the world, and they are so many and so great I am much more inclined to borrow from the nine-tenths. It is so blessed to give. I am looking forward to our coming thank-offering with delight, and for one month I shall drop my other 'causes' and give nearly all my tenth to that great cause.'

'I see you do not give grudgingly, but cheerfully. I am sure you are right in all that you have said, and if Mr. Roberts can be brought to see as I now do, there will be one more family henceforth pledged to systematic giving,' Mrs. Roberts said decisively.

'Then I am sure there will. I do not believe there are as many hard-hearted men as some would have us think. A man must be an ogre, indeed, that would bind his wife's conscience in such a matter. This question is, I believe, like many other grave ones in the hands of the sisters. Oh, that they might be roused to an appreciation of their responsibility!'—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

'A LITTLE HAND.'

A little hand within my own
I hold;
More precious 'tis than silver, gems,
Or gold.

Oh, darling little hand, that clings
To mine!
Oh, loving, trustful eyes that
Softly shine!

I feel my great unfitness
For the task;
More patience, Lord, more gentleness
I ask;

More love with which to teach it
Love Divine;
Less faith in my own strength, much more
In Thine.

More courage, faith, and hope, to point
The road—
That narrow road and strait, which leads
To God.

—*From 'Good Cheer.'*

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